NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

" WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 1 —VOL. XXI NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1809. No. 1045

MISTRUST;

OR,

BLANCHE AND OSBRIGHT:

A FEUDAL ROMANCE.

CHAP. I.

—' The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on! I had rather
Have skipped from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turned my leaping time into a crutch,
Than to have seen this!'

SHAKESPEARE.

Peace was concluded, and the waters of the Rhine again flowed through plains unpolluted with blood. The Palatine saw his enemies at his feet; it rested in his own pleasure to trample, or to raise them, and the use which he made of the victory, proved how well he merited to be victorious. His valour had subdued his enemies; his clemency converted those enemies into friends. The Duke of Saxony, the hereditary foe of his family, had been taken prisoner in the last engagement; he restored him to liberty without ransom or conditions; and he could have framed none so binding as those, which this fearless generosity imposed on the Duke's gratitude. Henry of Saxony became from that moment his firmest ally; and the Palatine found in his powerful friendship, more real strength, than if he had surrounded his whole dominions with a triple wall of brass.

The Saxons departed to their own country; the Palatine dismissed his feudatory troops, and their chiefs led back their vassals, loaded with the presents of their liege Lord, and proud of the wounds which they had received in his service. Among these warriors few had displayed more valour than the youthful Osbright of Frankheim; but no sooner was the war concluded, than none panted with more impatience for permission to depart. It was given, and the next hour saw him upon his courser; he committed the care of his vassals to a grey-headed knight, in whose prudence he could confide; and then, while his heart swelled high with joy and expectation, he gave his horse the spur, and sped towards his native towers.

But it was not the recollection of those native towns, nor of any one whom his castle walls contained, which now made his cheeks glow and his eyes blaze with such impatient fire. It was not to embrace his beloved and loving mother; nor to kneel at the feet of his respected father, who held his two sons precious as the two apples of his eyes; nor yet to behold once more his little darling, the young Joscelyn, who looked up his elder brother as the master-piece of creation; none of these was the motive, which now hurried Osbright onwards: none of these, while the mountains, woods, and wilds were left behind him with inconceivable rapidity, made him wonder at the unaccustomed sluggishness of his courser. No! it was the hope of once more beholding the avowed enemy of himself and of his whole house, that being to whom he was an object of the wildest alarm, and by whom his very name was held in abhorrence; this was the hope, which made the young warrior's heart swell with eagerness almost to bursting.

There was not a fleeter steed in the whole Palatinate than Osbright's: his speed was stretched to the utmost, but in vain. Night was at hand, and he had not arrived at the wished-for goal. The knight abandoned the fruitless attempt to reach it, checked his courser, and stopped for a few moments to gaze upon the hostile towers of Orreuberg, as they rose proudly in the distance, all golden and glittering with the splendours of the setting sun.

"Oh! yes!" he sighed to himself, "the day must at length arrive, when I need no longer gaze at a distance on yonder walls, and envy every pilgrim, who dares approach the portals with the prayer of hospitality! the day shall surely come, when my name, now never mentioned but with curses or at least with alarm, within the precincts of yonder castle, shall call down blessings only inferior to those given to its Lord's; when the sound of my courser's tramp on the draw-bridge shall seem to the hearer sweet as the merry bells which announce a victory; and when to proclaim that Osbright of Frankheim draws near, shall be to announce an holiday throughout Orreuberg. Till then peace dwell in your hearts, my beloved enemies! with every bead that he tells, with every orison that he breathes, Osbright of Frankheim shall call down blessings on the heads of these, who now call down curses on his!"

Again he set forwards, but now suffered his horse to chuse what pace he pleased. The wearied animal gladly profited by the permission. Osbright, plunged in melancholy but not unpleasing thought, observed not the moderate rate, at which he was now performing his journey; till the moon, emerging from behind a cloud, suddenly poured her radiance full upon his sight, and the unexpected light started him from his reverie. He looked up, and saw the place before him, to reach which had been the object of his proceeding with such unwearied expedition. But it was already night, and the spell, which had drawn him thither so forcibly, had ceased to operate.

Still, though he knew well that the search must be fruitless, he could not refuse himself the satisfaction of revisiting that place, whose remembrance was so dear to his imagination, so consecrated by his heart. He bound his steed to the branch of a shattered oak, and entered a narrow path, which wound among the mountains. He soon reached an open space, nearly square in its form, surrounded on three sides with flowering shrubs and bushes, and presenting on the fourth the entrance to a grotto, whose mouth was thickly overgrown with ivy, woodbines, and a variety of tangling weeds. Osbright heard the well known murmur of the waterfall; his heart beat quicker as he listened to the sound, and his eyes sparkled in the moon-beams with tears of melancholy pleasure.

He entered the cavern: as he expected and feared, it was vacant; but the moonshine penetrating through an opening in the rocky roof, and converting the cataract into a flood of silver light, enabled him to see a wreath of flowers still fresh, which was lying on a stone seat at no great distance from the water. With an exclamation of joy he seized the wreath, and prest it to his lips. The cave then had been visited that very day! Ah! if he had but reached it before sun-set.—But the sun was not set for ever; to-morrow it would rise again, and he now doubted no longer, that it would rise a sun of joy to him. He kist off the dew-drops, with which the flowers were heavy, and which he could not help flattering himself were tears of sorrow for his absence. He then hung the garland round his neck, and having deposited his well known scarf in place of the flowers, he quitted the cavern with a lightened heart, and with hopes increased by the certainty, that in his absence he had not been forgotten.

And now this first and chief anxiety dispelled he was at liberty to bestow his thoughts on those friends, who were the next dearest objects of his affection, and on that home, where his unexpected arrival was certain to diffuse such joy. Again he spurred his horse forwards: but the animal needed no endorsement to make him exert all his speed, while retracing a road whose goal was so well known to him. He darted forwards with the rapidity of an arrow, and would not have paused till his arrival at the castle of Frankheim, had not Osbright checked him, when within half a mile of his paternal towers. The sound of a bell tolling heavily attracted his attention, and gave his imagination the alarm: from the quarter whence it sounded, he guess, that it must proceed from St. John's chapel, a building raised by the piety of one of his ancestors long deceased, and whose vaults were appropriated to the sole purpose of receiving the reliques of those, who expired within the walls of Frankheim. Vespers must have long been past; it was not yet midnight; nor indeed was it usual to celebrate religious rites within that chapel except on particular festivals, or occasions of extraordinary solemnity. His heart beat high, while he paused to listen. The bell continued to toll, so slow, so solemn, as to permit his doubting no longer, that it was sounding for the departure of some enfranchised spirit.—" Was there a death then in his family? had he to lament the loss of a relation, of a friend, of a parent?"—anxiety to have this question answered without delay, would not permit him to pursue his destined course. Hastily he turned the bridle of his horse, and darted into the grove of cypress, whose intervening shades hid the chapel from his observation.

It was situated in the bosom of this grove, and a few minutes were sufficient to bring him to the place, whence the sound proceeded. But the bell had already ceased to toll, and in its place, after a momentary silence, a strain

of solemn choral music and the full swell of the organ burst upon the ear of Osbright. He knew well those sad and melodious sounds: it was the 'De Profundis' chanted by the monks and nuns of the two neighbouring monasteries St. Hildegarde and St. John. The chapel was brilliantly illuminated; the painted windows poured a flood of light upon the surrounding trees, and stained their leaves with a thousand glowing colours: it was evident, that a burial was performing and that the deceased must be a person of no mean consideration. Osbright sprang from his horse, and without allowing himself time to secure the animal from escape, he rushed into the chapel, while anxiety almost deprived him of the powers of respiration.

(To be Continued.)

BILL JONES.

The wild and singular story, upon which this Ballad is founded, was first related to me by my friend Mr. Walter Scott, to whom I am also indebted for the following particulars. Every thing which falls from the pen of the author of 'Marmion,' *and of* 'the Lay of the Last Minstrel,' *must, I am certain, be read with interest by the public.* M. G. LEWIS.

'In Spring, 1801, Mr. William C——, Advocate, while travelling to London in the mail coach, had for his companion the person by whom the following story was originally told. He was a seafaring man and a native of Liverpool, but had been lately settled at Hamburgh, whence he had been driven by the threatened rupture betwixt Britain and the Northern powers. A magpie having appeared by the side of the road, the seaman made some superstitious observations, exactly to the purpose of the first verses except that the evil which befell him on the second ill-omened conjunction of three of those birds, was, I believe, a fall from a horse. This led to the story here called 'Bill Jones,' which the seaman (who had been mate aboard the vessel in which it happened) told under every deep feelings of the strongest conviction. He mentioned the date of the event, the name of the vessel and its owner, with those of the captain and murdered man, and gave an circumstantial a detail, as to leave no doubt on the mind of the hearers, that the events, so far as natural, were certainly true, and that the marvellous had been supplied by the superstitious imagination of the sailors. The narrative is literally verified, excepting in the following particulars. The captain shot the sailor with a blunderbuss, and had gone indeed down to the cabin to provide himself with that weapon after the quarrel commenced. The man was on the yardarm when he received the mortal wound, and was handed down by his companions. While he lay dying on the deck, the dialogue passed between him and his murderer, precisely as in the following tale. It may also be mentioned, that the spectre was only affirmed by the mate to be visible to the crew during the night. He had often seen him, he said, himself, on the yard arm. He had interfered to prevent the murder, or, rather after it was over, for which the captain put him in irons, and he was not released until he had made a submissive apology. The captain communicated, or rather hinted, his resolution of suicide to the narrator, when they were together in the cabin—he said he could not stay—that he *must* leave the ship—that the spectre, whom they saw but occasionally, was constantly before his eyes, and that he could bear it no longer. At this moment, something obliged the mate to go on deck, when he heard a heavy plunge into the sea, and saw the captain floating astern of the vessel—the drowning man gave a wild cry, exclaiming—'Bill has me now.'

'The sailor left the audience to make their own inference; he himself seemed rather to insinuate, that the apparition had some immediate share in the captain's death.

'After this strange story was finished, Mr C. asked the sailor, whether he did not think the captain mad? He paused as if the idea had never occurred to him, and answered after some deliberation, he did not believe he was; for unless in the frantic fits of passion, into which he was thrown by the least opposition, he *conversationed* well enough.

'These circumstances have been very often told me by my friend Mr. C. and the difference here noticed, occurred to us both on reading the poem.

'W. SCOTT.'

BILL JONES!

A TALE OF WONDER.

Murder may pass unpunished for a time,
But tardy justice still o'ertakes the crime:
And oft a murderer pain the guilty feels—
The hue and cry of Heaven pursues him at his heels
DRYDEN.

'Now well-a-day!' the sailor said,
Some danger must impend!
Three ravens sit in yonder glade,
And harm will happen, I'm sore afraid,
Ere we reach our journey's end.'

'And what have the ravens with us to do?
Does their sight then bode us evil?—
'Why, to find *one* raven is lucky, it's true;
But it's certain misfortune to light on *two*,
And Meeting with *three* is the devil!

'I've known full three score years go by,
And only twice before
I've seen three ravens near me fly;
And twice good cause to wish had I,
That I ne'er might see them more.

'The first time, I was wrecked at sea;
The second time by fire
I lost my wife and children three
That self-same night; and so is me,
That I did not then expire!

'Still do I hear their screams for aid,
Which to give was past man's power!
I saw in earth their coffins laid——
Well! my heart of marble must be made,
Since it did not break that hour!'—

'Poor soul, your tale of many woes
Brings tears into my eyes:
But think you then, such ills arose,
Because you saw your fancied foes
Three ravens near you rise?

'No doubt, since this fantastic fear
Has thus possest your head,
You firmly believe that ghosts appear,
And that dead men rise from the blood-stained bier
To haunt the murderer's bed?'—

'Believe it, master? well I may!
Now mark what I'll relate;
For gospel-true are the words I say,
When I swear, that during three weeks and a day,
A ghost was my own ship-mate!

'My cash ran low; no beef, no flip,
And the times were hard to live:
So I e'en resolved to make a trip
For slaves, on board of a Guinea-ship,
Which crime may God forgive!

'Oh! it's a sad, sad thing to hear
The negroes scream and groan,
And curse the billows, which bear them near
To the tyrant white-man's land of fear,
And far, far away from their own.

'But soon the sailor found his part
Scarce better than the slave's;
For our captain had a tiger's heart,
And he plagued his crew with such barbarous art,
We all wished us in our graves.

'We scarce were two days sail from port,
Ere many a back was flayed;
He flogged us oft in wanton sport;
His heart was of stone, not flesh—in short,
He was fit for *such* a trade!

'Though each in turn was treated ill,
'Mongst all the crew alone
Bill Jones opposed our tyrant's will;
For Bill was cross, and old, and still
We'd give him back his own.

'And many a brutal, harsh command
Old Bill had grumbled at,
Till once he was ordered a sail to hand,
When Bill was so weak that he scarce could stand;
But the captain scoffed at that.

'For a lazy old brute, poor Bill he abused,
And he forced him aloft to go;
But his duty to do his limbs refused,
And at length from the ropes his hands Bill loosed,
And he fell on the deck below.

'Towards him straight the captain flew,
Crying, 'Dog, dost serve me so?'
And with devilish spite his sword he drew,
And he ran Bill Jones quite through and through,
And the blow was a mortal blow.

At the point of death poor Bill now lies,
And stains the deck with gore;
And fixing his own on his murderer's eyes,
'Captain, alive or dead,' he cries,
'I'll never leave you more.'

'You won't?' says the captain; 'time will show,
If you keep your word or not;
For now in the negro-kettle below,
Old dog, your scoundrel limbs I'll throw,
And I'll see, what fat you've got!'—

(To be concluded in our next.)

To the Editor of the Weekly Museum.

SIR,

PLEASE to have the goodness to insert the following lines in your Weekly Museum, and you will much oblige your humble servant

R. S. N.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

Old Zeuxis, to compose a perfect piece,
Could beauty from a hundred belles of Greece.
This, to be sure, a deal of trouble gave him;
But were that painter from his tomb to start,
And wish again to try his peerless art,
Clarissa, what trouble thou alone wouldst save him!

ELEGANT AND MORAL.

THE world, which you figure to yourself smooth and quiet as the lake in the valley, you will find a sea foaming with tempests, and boiling with whirlpools: you will sometimes be overwhelmed by the waves of evidence, and sometimes dashed against the rocks of treachery.

AN IRISH QUESTION.

An Irish footman having carried a basket of game from his master to a friend, waited a considerable time for the customary fee, but finding no present appear, scratched his head and said, 'Sir, if my master should say, Paddy, what did the gentleman give you? what would your honour have me to tell him?'

A punster, at a watering place, being at a representation of Pizarro, where the name of the poor king *Ataliba* was most cruelly bellowed forth, observed to a countryman who sat near him, and who inquired the name of the character, that the stage actor made it At-all *I ba*.

MAXIMS.

The first impressions which mankind receive of us will be very difficult to eradicate. How unhappy must it be to fix our character in life before we can possibly know its value, or weigh the consequences of those actions which are to establish our future reputation.

To retrieve the ill consequences of a foolish conduct, and by struggling manfully with distress to subdue it, is one of the noblest efforts of wisdom.

Valour is never made good but by trial.

The best hearts are ever the bravest.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, FEBRUARY 11, 1809.

The city inspector reports the death of 46 persons (of whom 16 were men, 12 women, 11 boys, and 7 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of burn 2, in childbed 1 consumption 5, convulsions 3, debility 1, decay 3, diarrhœa 1, dropsy 2, dysentery 1, purpura-1 fever 1, frachire 1, hives 3, indigestion 1, inflammation of the stomach 1 inflammation of the lungs 1, inflammation of the bowels 1 inflammation of the brain 1, liver disease 1, old age 1, palsy 2, sprue 1, stillborn 1, suicide 2, teething 1, white-swelling 1, and 5 have been wickedly sacrificed to the small-pox.

The cases of burn were, a young lady, whose death was occasioned by her clothes taking fire; and a black woman, who perished at the late fire in Water-street.

Of the cases of suicide, the one shot and the other poisoned himself.

Counterfeiters.—We understand that a nest of these villains were discovered in this city on Saturday last. They were well provided with plates of various Banks; and, when taken, they were amusing themselves with imitating the hand writing of the different Presidents and Cashiers. It seems they had sent a parcel of notes to a friend in Philadelphia, who betrayed the business to the bank there, by which means they were apprehended.

Mer. Adv.

A young man was arrested in the city of Philadelphia, on Thursday evening the 21 inst. on suspicion of being concerned in counterfeiting bank notes. Notes on the bank of the United States—Pennsylvania bank—and some of the Jersey banks, to the amount of 5975 dollars, were found on him and in his cedar keg. Some of the notes were signed and others blank. It is a fact not generally known, that *all five-dollar* notes of the bank of the United States are counterfeit—they issue no note for less than 10 dollars.

Com. Adv.

The King of England has been pleased to appoint the Hon. Francis Nathaniel Burton, to be Lieutenant-Governor of the province of Lower Canada, in America.

Savannah, Jan. 24th.—On the 7th inst. the schr. Rising-States, capt. Shaw, laden with 288 bales of cotton and 27 tierces of rice, cleared regularly at the custom house of this port, for N. York; with a crew consisting of the following persons:—James Shaw master; Samuel Jones mate; Wm. Pierce and Wm. Witham, and three people of colour, mariners; together with a Mr. Richard Kelly and a Mr. Brown, passengers. On the 12th, soon after leaving Tybee Island, captain Shaw being in the cabin, heard a noise on deck, and, on coming up, found the vessel hove too. Capt. S immediately ordered the helm to be put up. Kelly (the passenger) replied that it should not; and told capt. S. he was no longer master of the vessel. The cabin door was then shut, a small yawl boat let down along-side, and capt. S. ordered into it by Kelly and all the rest of the people on board, except Wm. Witham. On refusing to leave the vessel and go into the boat, they lifted him up and threw him into it. He then laid hold of the vessel, but was compelled to desist in consequence of their repeated threats to knock out his brains. Kelly and Brown offered Witham money to join them, but he declining was ordered into the boat with capt. S.

After throwing a small piece of boiled beef into the boat, they cast her off from the schr. hoisted all sail, and bearing away east by south, with a fresh North West wind, were in a short time out of sight. Tybee light house being fifteen miles, and more distant than the Hunting Islands, captain S and Witham made for the latter, which they reached a little before sunset, and remained all night on the sand hills without either provisions or water. Next day they were taken off by a party of gentlemen who had been hunting on the islands and conveyed to St. Helena, in South Carolina, from whence they proceeded to Beaufort, where they protested before the intendant; and proceeding to this place, protested a second time, in substance similar to the foregoing.

The Rising States is owned by Messrs. Albert Ogden and Co. of New-York; was consigned to and loaded by Messrs. Ogden's and Baker of this city; and the bonds for relanding her cargo in the United States, are subscribed by Ogdens and Baker, Merrill and Parkhurst, and Jabez Shaw. She is supposed to have proceeded for Europe.

Charleston Jan. 27th.—On Monday last, between 2 and 3 o'clock, P. M. a fire broke out in the range of stores upon Bay-street, belonging to Mr. Solomon Cohen, and occupied by Mr. Dowdney, Cabinet-Maker, and Mr. Phillips and Mr. Saunders, Merchants. It is supposed to have originated from the stove in Mr. Dowdney's apartment. The citizens being generally at dinner, the fire was not discovered until it made considerable progress, and the wind being extremely high, and blowing directly upon a thick settled part of the town there appeared on the meeting of the citizens, but little prospect of saving it from a very general conflagration, but by the great exertions of the citizens, and strangers who were present, and who deserve the thanks of the town for their active assistance. The fire was prevented from doing any considerable injury, except to the range of stores in which it originated, which were entirely consumed with much valuable property. The loss is estimated at between 6 and 8,000 dollars.

Charles the Fourth (late King of Spain), his Queen, and Godoy (the Prince of Peace), have been removed to the palace of Chambord, near Blois, till the seat of Navarre, near Evreux, in Normandy, which belonged to the late Duc de Bouillon, can be prepared for their reception. The Queen of Etruria and her young son are placed at a house in the village of St. Mendes, near Paris, under proper care. Ferdinand and his two brothers, the Infant Charles Isidore, who is near 12 years of age, and the Infant Francis, who is about 14, continue closely confined in the castle Valency. It was Bonaparte's intention, some weeks ago, to have removed Ferdinand to Paris, and he was taken out of his prison for that purpose; but on the road to the capital, courier orders arrived, and he was remanded into confinement. Napoleon, doubtless, reserves him to be liberated, or not, according to circumstances and events.

London Paper.

Solution to the Enigma in our last.

NOBODY.

COURT OF HYMEN.

How blest the alliance where no interest rules,
The bane of bliss and perquisite of fools,—
Where love its full, unmingled joys displays,
And reason dictates while the heart obeys.

MARRIED,

On Friday the 3d instant, by the Rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. William Griffiths, to Miss Sarah Johnson, both of this city

On Saturday the 4th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Townley, Mr. John Parmerlee, to Miss Martha Blauveit, both of this city

At Elizabethtown, M J. Mr. Jacob Crane, to Miss Mary Comstock.

Same place, Mr. Joseph Hinds to Miss Abby Cory.

At Philadelphia, Mr J. W. Crane, of Bridgetown, to Miss Anna Maria Alberti.

At Beaufort, S. Carolina, Mr. Charles Christian to Miss Mary Lawson Sahus.

MORTALITY.

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground,
Another race the following spring supplies—
They fall successive, and successive rise.

DIED,

On Monday last, after a lingering illness, Mrs. Margaret Harsin, wife of Mr. George Harsin, of this city. She was an ornament to her sex, and possessed of every good quality to render the marriage state happy and agreeable. Her death is much lamented by all who knew her.

On Wednesday evening last, Mr. H. M'Conochy, cabinet-maker.

On Thursday evening last, Mr. William Muir, in the 62d year of his age

At Augusta, George Steptoe Washington, Esq. aged 37, nephew of the late President Washington

On Saturday the 4th instant, at his seat near Trenton, Gen. Philemon Dickinson, in the 69th year of his age.

At Elizabeth-Town, Mrs Dixon

At Philadelphia, Mrs. Williamina Bond, widow of the late Dr. P Bond

At same place, Mr. Pierce Maher.

At Baltimore, Mrs. Comegys.

At same place, Mrs Phœbe Henderson.

Lately, at Dominique, Mr. Erastus Wilbur, merchant, a native of New-Jersey.

At the same place, Captain Harding, belonging to an eastern port.

At the same place, about the middle of December, after an illness of 5 days, Captain George Cunningham of this city, late master of the ship Caledonia. He has left an amiable wife to lament an irreparable loss, and a numerous circle of relatives and friends to whom his many social qualities had particularly endeared him.

SALES AT AUCTION,
BY ROBERT M'MENNOMY,
This evening, at half past 5 o'clock, at his Auction Room, No. 120, Water-street, next to the Tontine Coffee House,
A VALUABLE COLLECTION OF BOOKS AND STATIONARY,
Febuary 11, 1809. 1040—tf.

BOOKS AND STATIONARY,
OF
EVERY DESCRIPTION,
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,
NO 3 PECKS SLIP

Bibles, Testaments, Monitors, Spelling-Books, Primers Gaughs Fenning's, Hamilton's, Walsh's, Walkinghame's, and Dilworth's Arithmetics; Walker's, Sheridan's, Bayley's, Webster's, and Entick's Dictionaries. Writing and Letter Paper, Quills, Sealing Wax, Wafers, Ink Powder, Ink Stands, Pencils, Indian Rubber, Indian Ink, Blank Books, &c.

Also, an excellent Assortment of
CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

HUTCHINS IMPROVED ALMANACK,
For 1809:
By the Groce, Dozen or Single One.
For Sale at this Office.

COURT OF APOLLO.

All the tender feelings of the soul of sympathy, must be called forth, on reading the following lines.

It was a winter's evening, and fast came down the snow,
And keenly, o'er the wide heath, the bitter blast did blow,
When a Damsel all forlorn, quite bewilder'd in her way,
Press'd her baby to her bosom, and sadly thus did say:

"Oh cruel was my father, who shut his door on me,
And cruel was my mother, who such a sight could see.
And cruel is the wintry wind, that chills my heart with cold,
But crueler than all, the lad that left my love for gold.

Hush, hush, my lovely babe, and warm thee in my breast;
Ah, little thinks thy father how sadly we're distrest:
For cruel as he is, did he know but how we fare,
He'd shield us in his arms from this bitter piercing air.

Cold, cold, my dearest jewel! thy little life is gone:
Oh, let my tears revive thee, so warm they trickle down:
My tears that gush so warm, oh they freeze before they fall:
Ah wretched, wretched mother! thou'rt now bereft of all."

Then down she sunk, despairing, upon the drifted snow,
And wrung with killing anguish, lamented loud her woe;
She kiss'd her babe's pale lips, and laid it by her side,
Then cast her eyes to heaven, then bow'd her head and died!

LOVE SONG,

Adapted to Modern Times.

Boast not to me the charms that grace
The finest form, or fairest face—
Shape, bloom, and features I despise:—
Wealth, *wealth*, is beauty to the wise.

Come then, Oh! come, and with thee bring
The thousand joys from wealth that spring—
Oh! bring the deeds of thine estate,
Thy quit-rents, mortgages and plate.

Still keep unseen those auburn locks,
And yield thy treasure in the stocks—
Oh hide that soft, that snowy breast,
And give, instead, thy iron chest

Thy guineas shame the blushing rose
Which in these cheeks unheeded blows,
Too sweet for me that ruby lip,—
Give me thy India bonds and scrip.

EPITAPH.

Here lies Thomas Cole,
Who died, on my soul,
After eating a plentiful dinner:
While chewing his crust,
He was turn'd into dust.
With his crimes undigested, poor sinner.

A PEW FOR SALE.

The Pew, No. 140, in Christ's Church, being the second from the wall, in the north-west corner of the Church.—For terms apply at No. 104, Maiden-lane,
January 14, 1809. 1039—tf

LESSONS ON THE PIANO-FORTE.

FREDERICK W. DANNENBERG
Proposes to give Lessons on the Piano Forte, at his residence, No. 60, Maiden-lane, on the following Terms.

1. To enable him to pay the utmost attention to the progress of his Pupils, he will engage with Only Twelve Scholars.
2. Six scholars to form a Class, and to be taught at a time.
3. Each class to receive their lessons twice a week, from 10 A M to 1 P. M.
4. Each class to consist of scholars of equal capacity, so as to render the instructions in their progress equally beneficial to all.
5. As soon as six scholars have offered, the Tuition to commence.
6. Terms $ 12 50 cents per quarter, for each scholar.

Mr. Dannenberg pledges himself, that his pupils shall have the strictest attention paid to their accomplishment in this branch of Polite Education.

N. B. He continues giving Private Lessons on the Piano-forte at his House, and attends Ladies at their Houses, if required.

☞ For sale, a very fine toned GRAND PIANO FORTE, of Mess's. Broadwood and Son London—selected by Mr Frederick Rausch.
December 10, 1808. 1034—tf

CISTERNS,

Made and put in the ground complete warranted tight, by C ALFORD
No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house

LEWIS FORNIQUET

Respectfully informs his Friends and the Public in general, that he has removed to No. 150, Broadway, where he solicits a continuation of their custom, and flatters himself that the quality of his stock and his attention to business will meet with their approbation. He has lately received, by arrivals from Liverpool, a new and elegant assortment of London Pearl Jewellery, consisting of Necklaces, Ear-rings, and Pearl Ornaments for the Head, Pearl and Topaz pins, Bracelets and Rings

ON HAND,

A handsome assortment of Pearl, Diamond, and real Topaz Pins, Gold Watch-Chains and seals, Plain and Cornelian Keys; Gold Ear rings, Breast-pins, Rings, Lockets, and Bracelets; Silver Tea sets; Table, Tea, and Desert Spoons; Soup Ladles and Fish Knives; Tortoise-shell Dressing, and Fine Combs, Scissors, Penknives, Best Whitetcha, et Needles in quarters, and a great variety of other articles too numerous to mention.—He makes all sorts of Hair-work and Elastic Braids, in the Newest Fashion, and at the shortest Notice
January 28 1041—tf.

JUST PUBLISHED,
AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,
THE TRIAL OF
LIEUTENANT GEN HAW,
OF THE U. S. NAVY,
INDICTED FOR CHALLENGING
JOSEPH STRON, ESQ.
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
TO FIGHT A DUEL.
With the Speeches of the learned counsel, Colden, Hoffman, and Emmet
Taken in Short-hand, by William Sampson, Esq
With an Appendix, containing the Proceedings of the Naval Court of Inquiry, held by order of the Secretary of the Navy.
December 31, 1808.

S. DAWSON'S,
WARRANTED DURABLE INK,
FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,
FOR SALE
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FOR SALE BY
W SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER
FROM LONDON,
At the Sign of the Golden Rose,
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Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies ornamented Combs of the newest fashion—also Ladies plain Tortoise Shell Combs of all kinds

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball far superior to any other for softening beautifying and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agreeable perfume 4s and 8s each

Gentlemens Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass

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Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roseous well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples redness or sunburns, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving with printed directions. 3s 6d 8s and 12s bottle, or 3 dollars per quart

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Smith's Vegetable Rouge for giving a natural colour to the complexion, likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin

Smith's superfine Hair Powder. Also oval powder for the skin, 8s per lb

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January 1, 1808

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CALEB SUTTON.
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